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TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EACH LINE, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PREFERRED RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

WE are in receipt of a delightful letter from Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, D.D., written to THE CITIZEN from Interlaken, Switzerland. The recent narrow escape of Dr. R. and his sister, and of Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Smith, make us unusually thankful to be able to lay this communication before our readers. It will appear next week.

WE are informed upon good authority that the villain who assaulted the servant girl near the railroad culvert has been recently, and more than once, visible in town. That nothing has yet been done in the matter is no credit to our town authorities. We regret to notice this fact, but the fact exists and THE CITIZEN exists, and we are very likely to keep on pouring in the light upon this darkness, until it is done away. This is, certainly, somebody's business.

"He that bloweth not his own horn verily it shall not be blown." So spoke the sage, and in consequence we feel like quoting some of the kind words which are coming to us in these latter days. One says: "I think THE CITIZEN the brightest paper I have seen published outside the large cities." Another says—but stop! The blushes which have already begun to mantle the editorial cheeks are altogether too numerous. We therefore leave the rest to the imagination of our readers, only hinting that they are all like the sample shown above.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The opening of our schools and colleges suggests the important questions, What shall we do with our boys and girls? and What kind of instruction ought our schools to provide? To be sure, these are not new questions; they are as old as the world, and yet they are also ever new.

The recent deliverances of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., at Harvard, and of William Walter Phelps, have called attention to a phase of the subject which has occurred to many minds. That there should be some more adequate provision for teaching French and German, and the technical arts, will in nowise be disputed.

Education should be practical, by which we mean that it should be adapted to the needs of those for whom it is designed. We think that in the past it has been practical; that it has, in fact, met the wants of the earlier stages of the Republic, and that what we now complain of is its present lack of adaptability to our present wants.

This suggests a second point. Education, to be practical, should also be progressive. It should grow with our growth, and so continue to meet the wants of a more and more complex state of business and of society.

During the past twenty years our country has grown from youth to a vigorous manhood.

The professions have multiplied; commerce has developed with astonishing rapidity; manufacturing and mining have become national industries; electricity and steam have revolutionized trade and commerce.

These new departments call for workmen with special preparation and training. There is room for mining engineers and civil engineers, electricians, chemists, artists, and designers, for many of whom our present training is superficial or entirely inadequate.

How is the difficulty to be met, for meet it we must? By abolishing the old education and building anew? Not at all. We adapt our business and our habits to the new conditions which steam and electricity bring upon us. The wheels of commerce move faster than they once did; still they move by the old laws. Manufacture is done on a larger scale, but supply and demand limit or increase the product with the same relentless power as before.

So in education, the needs of the world have changed somewhat. There is less

call for professional training; more for that which is technical. But the old laws of mental development are unchanged and must be respected.

So we come to our final suggestion: That the old education is good and will remain unchanged.

Trained scholars will always be needed. The new demand for technical education will be met, not by abolishing the old, but by adding to it. The potteries at Trenton demand the trained hand of the artist. There a school of art might be built. The shops of Paterson need skilled mechanics. A school of mechanics and designers can alone meet such a want. So in various parts of our State and country, as in Germany and England, new schools will arise to meet the wants of our new industries, but such can never supplant the old methods and the old education. Let our educational forces be progressive and practical, not destructive and capricious. Meanwhile we are glad to know that in our own schools new methods of teaching and study are constantly introduced, to add to their effectiveness and value. Much that is talked of in educational circles as new is already in practical use in our midst. Object-teaching, drawing, and the practical sciences are not unknown in our public schools, notwithstanding they have the reputation of being conservative, and slow to adopt new methods and instruments of teaching.

STORM AND EARTHQUAKE.

That old Mother Earth is being greatly tossed and tumbled about is beyond a question. Whether the sun-spots have done it, or whether the volcanoes have become tired of lying still, it is plain that sea and shore are in agitation. The disaster at Ischia has been followed by the more terrible disaster at Batavia. The highways of navigation have been altered, and the important Strait of Sunda is practically closed.

Add to this, that from every quarter of the globe comes some record of flood or tempest, or heaving of the earth, and we have enough to arouse us. From each newly arrived vessel we have the story of hurricane and overwhelming wave. Lisbon's calamity cost 20,000 lives, but Batavia's is very much greater. The fishing fleet on the Grand Banks is almost annihilated. So it has gone on, and this year of grace will be memorable for its lists of ruin and of wreck.

There are those who see in these facts the fulfillment of biblical prophecy. There are those who merely connect them with ordinary sun-spot periods and magnetic storms. It is not for us, here and now, to do more than grasp this bouquet of baleful flowers and hold it up as a topic of the time. This it certainly is, and it is one worthy of profound thought, and of comparison with other periods of history.

RUFUS HATCH'S DUDES.

The news which has come from Yellowstone Park is of a thrilling character. Not only had President Arthur invaded it with an abundant escort, and a full supply of provisions and potables, but Rufus Hatch and his private party were there in force. It appears, however, that Mr. Hatch's calculations have not been so accurate and satisfactory as those of the other expedition, and that he has been himself a victim of misplaced confidence.

It seems that he invited a certain noble lord to accompany him, in order evidently to arouse the better instincts of the British aristocracy and prove to them that mere fishing and shooting were not all that life contained. Said noble lord being unable to come, desired to offer a "substitute." The "substitute" being accepted, had a "friend"—over whom the mantle of charity was cast. The "friend" had an inseparable companion of the masculine gender—and he also was smuggled into the gang. Further, the companion had a particular associate and the associate was also reluctantly included. It then turned out that the associate was reduced to the dire necessity of possessing a twin brother—from whom he had never been separated, no, not a moment. And of course Uncle Rufus Hatch took in the twin brother. Six of them, by the veracious chronicle of the correspondents, thus became the parasites of the expedition. All are presumed, by of "noble" blood and high breeding.

They signalized their advent in camp by letting Uncle Rufus in for twenty-three dollars (\$23) worth of drinks—and charging the same to his account. This was so pleasant a pastime that they kept it up, in season and out of season, early, late, and in the afternoon. The financier gazes ruefully at a grand total of nearly or quite ten thousand dollars (\$10,000), into which he has been plunged.

Not content with this they planned and executed a raid upon President Arthur's expedition, where their peculiar genius for insolence and ill-manners had larger scope. Opinions vary respecting the final result of all this now that the party is on the home stretch, but it is surmised that these dudes will go back faster than they came over.

It is high time that certain seions of the Albert Edward stripe of gentility—who have used the freedom of his manners as the shield for their own—should be taught their place. If Rufus Hatch would earn the respect and even the admiration of his American friends—to say nothing of the sensible folks beyond the sea—he will strand that gang of dudes somewhere. Give 'em a gallon of whiskey, and a box of cigars, and enough provision for a week, and turn 'em loose! While the liquor and cigars last, they

will not abandon the spot. By the time these are gone, it will be too late.

A respectable decent chimpanzee who has the sense to conduct himself like the baboon that he is, is of more use in the world than the apes that Rufus Hatch was unfortunate enough to import. And this raises the question in the republican bosom, whether we had better engraft any such aristocracy upon our own society of ladies and gentlemen. For when it comes to good-breeding, these dudes need to have it spanked into them!

NEWARK'S WATER SUPPLY.

J. H. Phillips, in a communication to the Newark Advertiser, says:

"It is a fact which may not be generally known that the United States Government is now dredging the Passaic, beginning at its mouth, and proposes to dredge a channel 300 feet wide and 11 feet deep at low water to Belleville certainly, and if appropriations can be obtained, much further. This will cause a flow of probably double the volume of salt water from the bay to enter our river at its mouth, thus increasing greatly the current, and will carry the salt water, together with everything which will float, a long distance above our pumps at every tide."

The things which will float and the salt water are the least deleterious matters which the increased current will carry to the pumps. The dissolved organic matters poured into the river by the sewers will find their way back into the basins and pitchers of the dwellings whence they went out through the waste pipes.

Further the authorities have discovered that something more than laws are necessary to prevent the pollution of the Passaic, and a sewer from Paterson to some point below Newark is talked of. The correspondent, who appears to know what he is writing about, says it would be quite as sensible a plan "to charter a railroad to bring water by carload from Lake Erie." It would be necessary to build altogether thirty miles of sewer at a cost of four millions of dollars. In this sewer there would be one nearly dead level of sixteen miles, with a drop of only four feet at high water. In consequence there would not be current enough to carry off the sediment, and a complete filling up would result.

The officials are naturally enough very averse to giving up the present method of supplying Newark with water, but it seems scarcely possible that any plan can be discovered to continue it many years longer. Observing the difficulties of our large neighbor, we cannot help congratulating ourselves on the very satisfactory solution of our own water problem. Some of our citizens are not altogether satisfied about our arrangements with the Water Company, and no doubt some further privileges and guarantees might have been advantageous to us. But what we did not get is as nothing to what we did get, and if the arrangements work as well as they read, we shall have every reason to be thankful.

THE METROPOLIS.

The Century for September contains an article by Wm. C. Conant entitled, "Will New York be the Final World Metropolis?" The writer, after discussing the tendency to centralization, and showing that this tendency is in the nature of the case irresistible, concludes that the Atlantic seaboard must be the seat of the world's commercial capital. The next step follows as the night follows the day: New York occupies that seat. He assumes that the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge is the first step towards the absorption of the City of Churches, and this barrier passed, the Empire City will spread itself in steady progress and growth until Trinity Church shall stand as the pivot of a city which shall extend for fifteen miles in every direction. The map which accompanies the article shows that New York would then embrace Long Island almost to Garden City, all of Staten Island, and so much of New Jersey as lies within the Counties of Hudson, Bergen, Passaic, Essex, and Union. Those five counties now have a population of more than half the State of New Jersey, and the present population of the area included in such a circle is over 3,000,000. And yet there is no density or crowding of population outside of New York city. All the inhabitants of the United States could be brought within this circle, which includes about 700 square miles, and it would only be about 60,000 to the square mile, not half so many to the acre as some portions of New York now contain.

The great natural advantages of New York must lead every one to admit that here, if anywhere, such an empire will be found; but so long as the other portions of this fair land are able to furnish homes and sustenance for the throngs who still go West, just so long will be deferred the day when eastern New Jersey will be attached to the princely city of which we are justly proud.

The kind words of Mr. Conant in which he says, "Still further west rises the Orange Mountain; on the approaching slopes gleam the pretty towns of Orange and Bloomfield, where thirty thousand people find pleasant homes, with flowers, gardens, lawns, and shaded streets, and city comforts of water, gas, and street railroads," present a truthful picture of the town in which we live. Even though we may never be annexed to New York, such words of honest praise ought to help us to annex to ourselves a goodly share of people who are constantly looking for desirable country homes.

A TEACHER in the Chinese Sunday-school at Portland, Me., was relating to one of the pupils the story of Job, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Job, we know him! we see his name on wagons!"

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